ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

Fear the Masses

"The Eyes of the World are Upon You…" As national elections loom in the Indian Union, debate rages over granting clones full citizenship. A shadow war begins, and Jinteki will stop at nothing to make sure their most lucrative product remains just that: a product. With this cycle you can explore the largest megapolis in India, and expand your decks in novel ways with new consumer grade hardware and corporate alliances.

New Symbols

The following new symbols appear on cards and stand for the four corporations:

HB: Haas-Bioroid
: NBN
: Jinteki
: Weyland Consortium

Play the Part

"He's waking up, boss." Farooq nodded over at the man tied to the chair, who began to move his head around beneath the hessian sack in a strangely comedic fashion. The prisoner's white smartfabric suit worked diligently, yet inadequately, to remove the blood and mud stains from its surface.

Ibrahim Salem smiled and stood up, stuffing his silver-plated pistol into his belt. He waved Farooq over to the man in the chair, where Hafiz already waited, cudgel at the ready. Their guest groaned.

"Wh…where am I?" the hooded man croaked. Although he had a sack tied securely to his head, and had been dragged to the Thane District hideout through rain-soaked streets and muddy back lots, he maintained an almost-dignified bearing, his quavering voice unmistakably cultured.

Farooq and Hafiz exchanged a few words in Urdu for effect. Farooq gave the prisoner a backhand cuff. "Speak when spoken to, dog!" he shouted.

The prisoner yelped.

"You've been talking to the wrong people. Taking the wrong money. You're going to tell us everything, or you're going to die."

"What? Who…"

Another blow followed, before Hafiz yanked back the prisoner's head. Farooq picked up a metal pail, scraping it against the plascrete floor for effect, before pouring its contents steadily over the sackcloth hood.

The prisoner garbled something unintelligible as the water began to drown him. It didn't stop until Ibrahim Salem gave a silent signal.

"Who do you work for?" Farooq yelled.

The prisoner spluttered. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

A blow to the stomach. More water.

"Please…you want money? I'll give you whatever you want!"

"No, you dog, you filth! We do not want your money. We want much more than that." Farooq grinned a toothless grin.

"Listen…you're making a big mistake. I'm with Salem. Ibrahim Salem! You don't want to mess with him. He's—"

"He's what, Mr. Sareen?"

"Mr. Salem? Is that you? What…"

"No, do go on. Tell my men what good friends we are. Tell them about the rounds of golf we've played. Tell them about the Saudi opium you've stashed for me. Spill everything about my damn operation to save your sorry skin!" Now he shouted, with venom, and Farooq cuffed the prisoner aside the head again.

"Please, Mr. Salem, don't kill me. Our arrangement still stands. I can help you."

Ibrahim raised a greying eyebrow and nodded to Farooq, who pulled the wet bag off Krishnan Sareen's head. Kris looked up, wide-eyed, like a frightened animal. Blood trickled down his face. His eyes flicked from Ibrahim's silhouette, to the two thugs who stood ready to beat him, to the gaudy Bollywood movie props that populated the back lot warehouse, and back again.

"I think our arrangement is over, Mr. Sareen, don't you?"

"Wh…what? Why?"

"Why?" Ibrahim stepped forward, the swaddling shadows parting before his bulk, his face thrown into a menacing cast from the swinging lumen overhead. "Maybe, Sareen, it's because of what happened on Election Day. Maybe it's because I received information last night that you were directly involved in that frag-fest!" His voice raised. He stepped closer to his prisoner; Krishnan flinched, but had nowhere to go.

"I don't know what—" Krishnan tried weakly to argue. He was stopped by a clubbing right hand from Ibrahim. The crime lord may have been advancing in years, but he was still a big man, and he liked to instill fear in those who betrayed him.

"Shut up!" Ibrahim snarled. "I got all the dirt on you. I know what you did, and I know who helped you. You spend all these years helping me scam Jinteki and then you jump into bed with them? You maggot. And worse than that, you're on my payroll, and you take that money and you hire Singh? Monica Singh? You bring that snake onto my turf? Do you have any idea what the hoods in Pakistan would do if they found out we were dealing with her?"

"Please…Mr. Salem…I didn't know. I take full responsibility—"

Hafiz yanked Krishnan's head back by the hair, and Ibrahim drew his slugthrower so fast it was a streak of light in the darkness. The cold metal pushed hard under Krishnan's chin.

"You were on my payroll. She was on yours. It all comes back to me, but I didn't know about it, because you thought your pals at Jinteki would keep you safe. But the Pakistanis don't give a frag about any of that—they'll look to me. Maybe it costs me a pretty penny. Maybe they kill some of my guys and feed 'em to the dogs, because that's what they do. It don't matter if I kill you, or I give you to them. Either way, you're dead."

Krishnan tried to speak, but no words came out. He sobbed.

"You know, you should've cut me in. You should've come to me instead of Singh. But you kept it all a secret because maybe you thought I'd kill you if I knew. Guess what? You'd have been right."

Hafiz let go of Krishnan's head, and Ibrahim pointed the slugthrower between the prisoner's eyes. Kris looked as though he might faint. He squeezed his eyes tight shut.

"Please don't kill me!" he shrieked.

"No?" Ibrahim grinned. And pulled the trigger.

Click.

Nothing.

Ibrahim and his two hoods broke the silence with laughter. Kris took a moment before he dared open his eyes, his breath so ragged he sounded like he was having some sort of fit.

Ibrahim pulled up a chair facing Krishnan, and sat down. He drew in close.

"Listen to me, you punk. You thought we were friends? Partners? Think again. You're my property. You belong to me. You have contacts now, contacts I need, and you're going to milk those contacts for all they're worth. Do you understand?"

"Not…not Raman Rai?" More laughter.

"Now we're on the same page, Mr. Sareen. If you think Rai is scarier than me, just imagine waking up with your throat slit, hanging off the keel of your motorsailer by your own tongue. Try to double cross me, and a collection of vids goes to every media outlet in Navi Mumbad. Try to skip town, and I put a hit on you so lucrative maybe Monica Singh will pick it up. Go running to Jinteki, and you wake up dead. Remember, if Rai doesn't kill you, I certainly will. Do we have an agreement?"

Kris's eyes flicked to Hafiz, who slapped a cudgel into the palm of his hand while grinning maniacally. Krishnan nodded.

"Good. You'll receive instructions tomorrow, and you'd better be ready. Clean yourself up, and play the game. Play the part like you always have, and maybe you'll survive. Frag this up, and you'll wish you'd never been born."

Krishnan's head bowed. Ibrahim smiled, and left the room.

Krishnan Sareen was the best kind of mark. The kind of man who gambled it all on a throw of the dice and lost almost everything. But also the kind of man who places survival first. His desperation would make him a useful player for Ibrahim's burgeoning empire. And if he didn't make it…well, there were plenty more to choose from.

Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Lukas Litzsinger with Erik Dahlman and Damon Stone

Android Universe created by: Kevin Wilson with Daniel Lovat Clark

Android Story Team: Daniel Lovat Clark, Michael Hurley, Lukas Litzsinger, Katrina Ostrander, Zoë Robinson, and Damon Stone

Insert Fiction: Mark A. Latham

Editing: Jacob Morris, Katrina Ostrander, and Nick Sephton

Android: Netrunner Graphic Design: Michael Silsby with Chris Beck, Shaun Boyke, Dallas Mehlhoff, Andrew Navaro, and Evan Simonet

Expansion Graphic Design: Mercedes Opheim with Chris Hosch

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: David Keen

Art Direction: Zoë Robinson

Managing Art Director: Andy Christensen

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

LCG Manager: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Executive Game Producer: Michael Hurley

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

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